

CHIFFON AND HOMESPUN

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

Copyright, 1935, by McChesney, Phillips & Co.

Janet came out of the long red farmhouse and paused briefly at the steps, buttoning her dogskin gloves. The keen, bright cold of the November morning brought the blood to her cheeks and an awakening sparkle to her eyes. She fastened the gloves with a final tug and ran down the path to where a man and two horses stood, just beyond the gate.

He helped her mount with no word beyond a brief "Ready" and an approving smile, then swung himself into the saddle and followed her over the crest of the hill on which the red farmhouse stood.

"You lead the way," he called after her. "I am a stranger in a strange land."

"This way," said Janet. "I want you to see the view from Brierson's hill. It's about the best in this part of the country, I think."

"Better than this?" asked the man anxiously, his eyes on her clear-cut profile.

"The background is better," said Janet coolly.

The mountains rose blue and misty in the distance as they rode on. Around them the red of the sun-baked bluffs and on the sloping sides of the foothills through which they passed great gashes in the red clay suggested, strangely, open wounds.

"It's a fine country," said Burke, with conscious banality. Janet swung him a look that startled him. It was so far outside her usual cool self-possession.

"It's God's country," she said exultantly. "Oh, I could ride forever! See the haze, like smoke, on those mountains and the leaves afire on the hills. There's a rabbit. See him jump across the road. And look—yonder's an aster. I thought its time was over. Isn't that wind good on your face? Oh, I love it all every bit of it!"

"I see you do," said Burke slowly. "Well, why shouldn't I?" she demanded. "Doesn't it make you feel your life? I've a different soul up here."

"I see you have," said the man. "I'm trying to do that soul to the Janet I know in town. The Janet who sat for my Lady in Gray, the Janet of trailing chiffons and pink teas and lily white matinee. Why, you're a different look to your eyes now. You're warmer, less aloof, less certain of yourself. What is it?"

"Don't," said the girl, with a protesting smile. "I won't be dissected. I asked you down to spend Thanksgiving with me—not to cut up my soul with your little hatchet."

"And I came to spend Thanksgiving with you," retorted Burke. "Not with a strange woman who has your eyes and your hair and your face—yes, that I know. How did you happen to leave town?" he asked, with the unembarrassed frankness of intimacy.

"I don't know," said Janet doubtfully. "It just happened. Aunt Jane took a fancy to me while I was off at college, and when I graduated she offered to bring me out in town. Mother never objected to anything I wanted, and well, I was dazzled with the idea of town—society, dances, men. Any girl would be so. I went to Aunt Jane, she finished. 'You have the sweet, sad story of my life now, but a few details.'"

"Men?" asked Burke.

"Look out for that bridge; it's bad. Yes—men," said Janet.

"Or whom I am one," he finished.

She nodded inscrutably.

"Well, I don't want to be one," he protested, "unless you preface it with the italics."

"Don't you?"

"No," he repeated firmly. "I don't see how, Janet—how long have I known you?"

"A year and a half," said the girl reflectively.

"And in the course of that time I have twice asked you to marry me, haven't I?"

"I seem to remember something of the sort," she answered, with a flickering smile that somehow sheathed the answer.

"Didn't you know when you asked me here that I'd do it again? Didn't you know that I couldn't see you in a new phase and not lose my grip on myself? Ah, Janet, you must have known, and if you, knowing, let me come it must have been because you meant to say—"

He broke off and struck savagely with his whip at the leaves above his head.

"Meant to say what," suggested the girl whimsically. "The word that would hobble my life forever, that would narrow my horizon and weed out my experiences to one thought, one aim, one end? Is that what I meant to say?"

"If you like to put it so, that is it," said the man solemnly. "You know the truth is—"

They rode in silence for a little while.

"I could make you happy," said the man at last.

"Could you, Alec? I'm not so sure of that," Janet pushed an escaping hairpin back and after a moment faced him proudly. "I'm not playing fair with you," she said. "I did know you'd ask me this again, and I made up my mind to—"

A shabby buggy creaked past them. In their absorption they had ridden on it without knowing. Janet nodded a bright "Good morning" to the country people within.

"Well," said Burke contentedly when they had passed. There was an exultant

look in his eyes, and he bent to lag his hand on hers where it held the reins.

Janet swayed suddenly. "Take care," she said hurriedly. "We've ridden into the burning congregation of Brierson's church."

Burke followed her with an unflinching expression.

"What are they having church on a week day for, anyhow?" he demanded aggressively.

"Thanksgiving day," said Janet, bowing to a gray bearded man on horseback and flinging a smile to the sturdy woman beside him. They walked their horses slowly through the tide of horses and wagons, then drew rein before the little wooden church with its stained-steeple and weather-beaten sides.

"They call it Brierson's, because the old man built it," said Janet in the tone of an obliging guide.

"Oh, bother the church," said Burke impatiently. "We're past the crowd now. Don't fool me any longer, Janet. Why, Janet?" He broke off, his gaze following hers to where the door of the little church opened and closed behind a tall man in the rough clothes of the country minister.

Janet's eyes widened, and her cheeks lost their fresh color as the young man, peering from the church door, came quickly down the path. When he was opposite the pair on horseback he glanced up in frank curiosity, meeting the vivid question of Janet's eyes, and stopped short, peering under all his hair.

"Janet," he said hoarsely, and that was all.

Slowly the color crept back over Janet's face, and her eyelids fell before the minister's compelling look.

Burke's glance went from one to the other, and Janet felt its keenness.

"David," she stammered. "I didn't know that you were here. I hadn't thought—"

"I've been here for a year now," the minister's eyes were fastened upon her face with the bliss of long starvation.

"They told me you never came home," he said, "that you had forgotten us for the city." The glow in his face smote Burke like a physical pain, and he jerked his horse's rein till the creature reared.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Janet, striving for mastery of the situation.

"Mr. Burke, this is David MacAllen, an old friend."

The two men clasped hands in silent hostility on Burke's part and happy abstraction on MacAllen's. He had no eyesave for Janet.

"We've come back to stay," he insisted, laying a firm hand on her bridle rein.

"I think not," murmured Janet. "I don't know." She was visibly distressed.

"Well, convince me," laughed the minister like a happy boy.

Somewhat Burke felt old and worn beside his fresh enthusiasm, and the slight of Janet's trembling uncertainty cut him sharply.

"I'll see you tonight," said MacAllen. They rode on after a little, Janet and Burke, to the red farmhouse and left the minister standing in the road behind them, the glow of love's eyes in his face.

"It was an old story, then?" said Burke as he lifted Janet from her horse at last.

"I knew him before I ever went to Aunt Jane," said the girl unhappily. "I thought I had forgotten—honestly."

Burke followed her into the house with a philosophic smile curving his lips, albeit a little bitterly. "Many waters cannot quench love nor much chaff smother it," he said sententiously, but the sheen of the twilight was as dusk in his sight, and the hand that selected a cigarette with ostentatious care trembled strangely.

The minister too.

Many conflicting tales have been told about the minister—how it came to be one of Cupid's strongest cards. In the old Norse mythology, the plant was leaped upon the innocent plant because it had been the innocent instrument of the death of Baldur the Beautiful, who was beloved by all the gods except Loki, the mischief maker, who naturally was envious enough to connive at ways to put Baldur out of the way.

But while the sorrowing gods were heaping curses upon the plant the goddess of love stopped them and, catching up the very plant which had slain Baldur, exhorted them all in memory of the bright, beautiful, gentle god to greet each other whenever they saw it with a kiss.

"Baldur is dead, indeed," she said, "but Baldur's spirit lives, and that spirit is love. Let us use the very thing that killed him as a symbol of love."

She hung the branch up, and one by one the angry gods passed out, hushing their sorrow at his death.

The boy on the farm should receive encouragement. His is a hard job. There is nothing under the sun, moon or stars that he is not expected to do from tending the horses before sunup to milking the cows after sundown. If he is of school age he escapes some of the job at farm work, but generally finds a pretty good allowance awaiting him when he comes home. In this day of scarce farm help it is a blessing to a farmer to have a boy, or several boys, for that matter, who can help. It is still more of a blessing to have a boy who does his tasks cheerfully and well. There is not much in this long hoarded apprenticeship except hard work and clothes, and so every father should give his son encouragement. Give him some of the farm animals which he can call his own. Let him raise some stock and feed them on his own account. He will consider he is simply repaid then for all the work he does. If this plan were followed there would be fewer boys wanting to come to town. —Pittsburg Press.

D. W. H. VANGIESON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
No. 393 Franklin Street, opp. Washing-
ton Avenue,
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 5 P. M.
Telephone call Bloomfield 22.

D. F. G. SHAUL
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EYE, NOSE AND THROAT A SPECIALTY,
No. 70 Washington St., Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays 9 to 11 A. M.; 1 to 3 P. M.; 7 to 9 P. M.; Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays until 9 A. M.; 1 to 3 P. M.; and by appointment.
Telephone No. 1148

S. C. HAMILTON, D. D. S.,
DENTIST,
No. 32 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Telephone No. 66-1—Bloomfield.

D. W. F. HARRISON,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Office and Residence:
329 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M.
Telephone No. 107-4—Bloomfield.

CHAS. H. HALPENNY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office: 809 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Residence, Lawrence Street, Bloomfield

SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, JR.,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Special Master in Chancery,
Union Building, 11-13 Clinton Street, opposite
Prudential Building, Newark, N. J.
11 Washington Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

PILCH & PILCH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
22 OLINSON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Residence of F. R. Pilch, 78 Watonsing Avenue.

HALSEY M. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office, 750 Broad St., Newark
Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

CHARLES F. KOCHER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
NEWARK: BLOOMFIELD:
Prudential Building, 388 Bloomfield Avenue.

WM. DOUGLAS MOORE
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
OFFICE:
149 Broadway, New York City.
Residence, 13 Austin Place,
Bloomfield, N. J.

GALLAGHER & KIRKPATRICK,
LAW OFFICES,
705 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
JOS. D. GALLAGHER, J. BAYARD KIRKPATRICK.
Residence of J. D. Gallagher, Ridgewood Ave.,
Glen Ridge.

ALFRED E. VAN LIEW
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, NEWARK, N. J.
Telephone 1094-J Newark.

J. F. CAPEN,
ARCHITECT,
Exchange Building, 45 Clinton Street, Newark
Residence: 376 Franklin Street, Bloomfield.

DAVID P. LYALL,
PIANO-TUNER,
349 Franklin Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOOK BOX 144.

Chemicals. Colors. Dyes.
INK
Used in Printing this Paper
IS MANUFACTURED BY
J. M. HUBER,
275 Water St.,
NEW YORK.

Martin J. Callahan,
CONTRACTOR,
Flagging, Curbing and Paving.
A supply of Door-steps, Window-sills and
Caps, and Cellar Steps constantly on hand.
STONE YARD: ON GLENWOOD AVE.
Near D. L. & W. R. Depot.
RESIDENCE ON THOMAS STREET
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

TWO MEN OF NERVE.

A Dramatic Incident of the Siege of

It is doubtful if the soldiers of any nation are braver than those of Russia. It is related of Field Marshal Paskievitch that in the course of the siege of

Varsovie, being somewhat discommoded by a hot fire from a certain battery, he ordered it to be shelled, but to no purpose. His troops did not seem able to locate the enemy, and their shot had no effect. Finally the field marshal himself galloped forward and sternly commanded:

"What impudence is in command here?"

"I am," answered an officer who approached.

"Well, captain, I shall degrade you, since you do not know your business. Your shells have no effect."

"True, sir, but it is not my fault. The shells do not ignite."

"Tell that to others. Don't come trying to fool me with such chaff. You will receive your punishment this evening."

The captain coolly took a shell from a pile near by, lit the fuse and, holding it in the palm of his hand, presented it to the marshal, saying:

"See for yourself, sir."

The marshal, folding his arms across his breast, stood looking at the smoking shell. It was a solemn moment. Both men stood motionless, awaiting the result. Finally the fuse burned out, and the captain threw the shell to the ground.

"It's true," remarked the marshal, turning away to consider other measures to silence the enemy's fire.

In the evening, instead of punishment, the captain received the cross of the Order of St. Vladimir.

ABSOLUTE ZERO.

The line as unvarying as the Point-
ing of the Pole Needle.

The zero of absolute temperature has long been indicated as a mysterious and important point in two ways. The first is the contraction of gases, which in all known gases operates uniformly as the temperature is lowered. As long as they retain the gaseous state gases shrink in volume so uniformly with each added degree of cold that an exact, unvarying line of diminishing volume is established. This line is as unvarying as the pointing of the needle to the north pole. It cannot be explained any more than the action of the needle can be explained. As every gas is cooled, however, degree by degree it points unerringly by the law of diminishing proportions to a point at which its volume would be nothing. If the shrinkage continued, since the proportion of loss of volume never varies, the gas would shrink to nothingness. It could not do so, of course, and all gases sooner or later fall out of the line by becoming liquid, when the law ceases to operate, and the proportion of contraction in volume ceases to be the same. As long as they remain gases, however—and the law is precisely the same in all gases—they mechanically point their figurative fingers in one direction, and all these figurative fingers indicate a point which is 461 degrees below the zero of the Fahrenheit thermometer.

A Tricky Actor.

Lemaître, the French actor, was always head over heels in debt despite an enormous salary and was always kept busy devising means by which he could raise money. One evening an hour before the curtain was to rise upon a new play, a well known pawnbroker entered the private office of the director of the Theatre Francaise.

"Here is a pawn ticket for you, sir."

"For me?" exclaimed the astonished director.

"Yes, monsieur. It is for 20,000 francs, and I hold M. Lemaître as security. He cannot leave my place until I have been paid."

And the pawnbroker was telling the truth. The director had to pay this amount before he could get his star. Lemaître and the pawnbroker divided the spoils.

A Knight of the Middle Ages.

Love found ready victims in the knights and troubadours of the middle ages. Ulrich von Lichtenstein, a medieval German cavalier, loved a woman with all the intensity of a lunatic. He used to roam over hills and valleys in quest of other knights, whom he challenged to duels if they dared to doubt that his Dolcieta was the fairest of the fair. On one occasion he amputated one of his fingers and presented it to his patroness as a proof of the torture he could endure for her sweet sake. And meanwhile his wife pined alone in her chateau in the forest.

Took Himself Off.

Foot, the comedian, was once threatened with a whipping because he had caricatured a certain man. He apologized fervently, adding, "Why, I take myself off sometimes!" And, slipping through an opening in a fence, he illustrated the deed.

An Ordinary Mortal.

"Engaged? Why, he seemed quite broken hearted when the other girl refused him."

"Well, he's like the average man. It wasn't long before he was looking for a consolation prize."

Property Defined.

Purchaser—When you sold me this horse you said he was without faults. Now I find he's lame. Horse Dealer—Well, lameness ain't a fault; it's an affliction.

The most cultivated minds are usually the most patient, most clear, most rationally progressive, most studious of accuracy in details.—James Martineau.

The Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

T. H. DECKER, Proprietor.

No. 600 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

Large stock of good horses. Perfect Family Horses. Gentlemen's and ladies' driving horses. Brand New Coaches, Carriages, and Buggies of Latest and most approved styles.

First-Class Equipment in Every Respect.

If you have occasion to use a livery of any kind for any purpose, or a horse to board, furniture or baggage to move, before going elsewhere visit and examine the facilities and accommodations of the Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

FURNITURE STORED.

Courteous Attention and Satisfaction.

Guaranteed.

Telephone No. 72.

There are Patents, and there are

PATENTS WHICH PROTECT.

We procure you the last kind unless you order otherwise.

Our preliminary searches (25) are very trustworthy, and free advice as to patent ability goes with them.

DRAKE & CO., Patents

Cor. Broad & Market Sts.,

Telephone 2104-N. NEWARK, N. J.



OUR LIGHT HARNESS

is not lacking in strength and durability, as some might suppose. We have a way of making Light Harness almost indestructible, and there's no secret about it either. We simply procure the best leather, absolutely free from flaws, and put it into the hands of workmen thoroughly skilled, and the result is perfection, etc.

JOHN N. DELHAGEN,

10 BROAD STREET,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd.

'SHOP' AROUND FOR DAYS! 40 EVERYWHERE ELSE! YOU'LL END BY COMING HERE!

For pretty close to half a century this 3 acre store has been the furniture bargain centre of the State—VALUES have done it! If you're a "doubter" come here THIS week and see!

Only \$5.98 for		Only \$11.98 for	
Verona pink cherry frame Parlor Suite.		Solid Oak Extension Table that were \$12.	
for the \$26.00		for the \$26.00	
Verona pink cherry frame Parlor Suite.		grade golden oak Bedroom Suite. Sixty drawers, Panel sides.	

24.00	8.00	17.50	4.98
for the \$26.00	Solid Oak Extension Table that were \$12.	for the \$26.00	is all we ask for any one of the \$6.99 chairs in solid Oak, 5 drawers, Panel sides.
Verona pink cherry frame Parlor Suite.		Verona pink cherry frame Parlor Suite.	

PRICES DROPPED on Entire Line of Heating

Stoves

with "REGULAR" prices at bed rock, "CUT" prices means sensational savings for wise ones! Still a large assortment to choose from.

40 Varieties of ranges, also many popular styles in Parlor Stoves, and Laundry Stoves, Cylinders and Self-Feeding Oaks, Reliable Oil Heaters, Etc. Etc.

beat their own sales record during 1935—the most popular Ranges in America to-day, as 16,000 housewives know!

"Portland Ranges"

beat their own sales record during 1935—the most popular Ranges in America to-day, as 16,000 housewives know!

AMOS H. VAN HORN, Ltd.

Be sure you see "No. 73" and first name "AMOS" before entering our store. ACCOUNTS OPENED—EASY PAYMENTS

73 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Near Plaza St., West of Broad St.

All freight brought to our door.

Telephone 580